MARY·CECIL ALLEN

PAINTERS OF THE MODERN MIND

703-ACC

Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2022 with funding from
Kahle/Austin Foundation

https://archive.org/details/paintersofmodern0000unse

PAINTERS

THE NEW ARTS
Edited by Philip N. Youtz

PAINTERS OF THE MODERN MIND
By Mary Cecil Allen

THE MODERN THEATRE IN REVOLT
By John Mason Brown

POTABLE GOLD
By Babette Deutsch

MODERN SCULPTURE
By Joseph Hudnut

MUSIC 1900-1930
By Alfred J. Swan

PAINTERS
OF THE MODERN MIND

by
MARY·CECIL
ALLEN

W·W·NORTON & COMPANY·INC.
NEW YORK

Copyright, 1929
W · W · NORTON & COMPANY, INC.
70 Fifth Avenue, New York

First Edition

PRINTED IN THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA
FOR THE PUBLISHERS BY THE VAN REES PRESS

Things in respect of themselves have peradventure their weights and measures and conditions; but when we take them into ourselves the soul forms them as she pleases.

MONTAIGNE

CONTENTS

PREFACE *A Painter Interrogates Himself* 3

CHAPTER I. *The New Grotesque* 6

CHAPTER II. *The Use of Distortion* 25

CHAPTER III. *An Ancient Heritage* 38

CHAPTER IV. *A Search for Rhythm* 46

CHAPTER V. *New Values* 66

List of ILLUSTRATIONS

1. *Crucifixion*
by JANET HARBECK, 13 years 49

2. *Girl with Hat*
by HENRI MATISSE 51

3. *The Crocodile from "Peter Pan"*
by JOAN HOWSON, 12 years 53

4. *Still Life*
by HENRI MATISSE 57

5. *Drawing*
by ARISTIDE MAILLOL 63

THE material of this book developed from a series of five lectures for *The Reader's Round Table* organized to bring authors and users of books into personal contact. The lectures were given in branches of the New York Public Library under the auspices of The People's Institute in the interests of Adult Education during the winter of 1929.

PHILIP N. YOUTZ, *Editor,*
The People's Institute, New York City

PAINTERS
OF THE MODERN MIND

PREFACE

A Painter Interrogates Himself

WHY do you paint?

Because things I see excite me and I want to reproduce this feeling.

Then if you reproduce visible nature on canvas, you will also reproduce your excitement?

No, because it is not an image but an idea that excites me. It is this idea which I want to realise on my canvas. If I realise the image hoping that it will also realise my idea, it is a travesty because it is only raw material at the end and not an idea at all.

What is your idea then?

It is a conception of natural objects as the directions of planes in space, expressed by lines, colors, lights and shadows, and the arrangement and combination of these planes in such a way as to produce great pleasure.

Then your picture might not resemble the scene before you at all?

I consider that the picture would be based upon the scene in somewhat the same way that variations

are based upon a given theme in music. I regard the scene before me as a motif. It determines my choice of lines, colors, lights and shadows.

What is the difference between a good painting and a bad one, then? It seems as if the criterion or standard had been removed if we no longer have the power of comparing a painting with nature.

But a painting is not to be compared with visible objects as seen mechanically by the eye. It is to be compared with ideas. The test is whether it realises them visually or not. The difference between visual realisation and the lack of it is the difference between a good and a bad picture.

And you said that it was also your object to give pleasure. Is this a necessary effect of a good painting?

It is essential that the painting should reproduce for the painter that pleasurable and exciting activity of his mind, but it is very possible that a spectator will miss the whole point of the picture and see only an apparent inaccuracy in imitating objects; or even if he understands the intention of the painter, it may appear to him to be a limited and inadequate one and thus give him no pleasure.

There are then two things for the spectator to do: first to recognise the symbols used by the artist,

and then to estimate their value as expressions of visible things? Is not this very difficult?

Surely not. For though the means of expression contained in paint on canvas are but symbols, yet they are a language very universally understood even by savages and children who use a line or a color instinctively to express a visual meaning. And the more factors a line or a color can be made to express, the better and more interesting the drawing; and the less it expresses or suggests, the worse. And in order to judge a drawing or a painting, it is necessary to refrain entirely from adding anything to it in our minds: from helping the artist out, as it were. We must inhibit such mental action and coldly receive just as much as the picture is able to convey. This is the first condition of art appreciation. There must be no appreciatory attitude of mind.

CHAPTER I

The New Grotesque

EXPRESSIONISM in painting is at once the newest and the oldest thing in art history. It aims at feeling things instead of merely seeing them. The same might be said also of every great artist and every great art movement of the past. They are all impelled by emotions about "facts" rather than by the "facts" themselves. Or, rather, the only facts to a great artist are his own emotions.

But expressionism is the first art movement for a thousand years which has appeared grotesque in the eyes of the public. Other movements have been ridiculed and their followers called incompetents, iconoclasts, barbarians, but no other art impulse has produced painting so definitely distorted and untruthful to the average eye. There is a very real reason for this. It is because the layman has been educated for at least seventy years to judge pictures by his eye alone. The impressionist deified eyesight, and now the expressionist deifies the mind's eye.

Impressionism took the physical eye as the sole standard of reference. It proved conclusively that

a practically perfect optical illusion of any object could be produced on canvas by means of an orderly matching of tones and colors. Resolve any object into the patches of tone and color through which it reveals itself to the eye, and you can reproduce it in paint as often as you please. The result of this method is to rob the object itself of any great importance and to place the emphasis on the means by which it is perceived. Impressionism does not identify objects, and thus discloses itself to be a very abstract and impersonal thing—in short, a magnificent technical method based upon the seeing power of the eye rather than on any evaluation of the thing seen.

Expressionism is a strong reaction against this technical and impersonal emphasis, and an insistence on the value and meaning of the object painted and on the individuality of the painter. It disputes and denies the supremacy of the eye in painting. This is the crux of the whole situation. If the intention of a picture is no longer that it may be able to stand direct comparison with an actual object—a human head, a landscape, a bunch of flowers—what is the standard to which it must conform? The expressionist makes his own emotional reaction the standard. It is for him the only court of appeal. And

this emotional reaction may depend very little upon the eye. What the expressionist is painting is a state of mind.

But even now the influence of impressionism is by no means spent. Impressionism was a great movement. It produced Paul Cézanne, who was the first expressionist, and its theory was so powerful and so logical that echoes of it linger still in the work of the most "advanced" painters of today. Many of the canvases exhibited in the Rue de la Boëtie in 1927 bore a startling resemblance to a half hour sketch by an impressionist of 1874. Their incompleteness was their truest title to modernity. Even the most distinguished expressionists owe more than they imagine to the shade of Manet. The still life painting by Matisse which won the Carnegie award at Pittsburgh in 1928 was a very convincing piece of color impressionism for all its modern insistence upon non-mechanical perspective and three dimensional pattern, and the latest canvases of Georges Braque, the one-time cubist, are perhaps the most brilliant examples of impressionistic-expressionism in the whole of modern painting. Which goes to prove that expressionism is itself a logical development from the preceding movement and no merely wild and inexplicable impulse.

But the motive power in expressionism lies in its denial of optical truth as a necessary quality in painting. This is its sole right to existence as a movement, and it is this attitude which has resulted in what may be called the "new grotesque" in art.

The term "grotesque" is generally used as a reproach, but, as a matter of fact, it has an ancient and honorable association with art—an association which has been forgotten by too many generations of artists. It stands for imagination, invention—the refusal of the anatomical and scientific pattern which we call the normal—and also for the creation of new patterns and rhythms which shall link thoughts, fantasies and reveries with the visible world. All that is strange and incredible and non-existent is its subject-matter. It takes what is not and what might be and creates with them and opposes this new imaginative world to the positive world of naturalism and science. It is no mere haphazard occurrence but can be traced back to the very dawn of art. Primitive man expressed himself in grotesque painting and sculpture. The Egyptians and the Greeks did the same side by side with their naturalistic masterpieces, and medieval Europe and Italy of the Renaissance abound with manifestations of the strange spirit. It is no new thing that has

come into the arts, but rather something that is very old, an undercurrent which comes to the surface from time to time throughout the whole history of painting and sculpture. The exclusive emphasis of impressionism upon fidelity to optical fact during three generations of painters has banished for the time being this strange fantastic apparition. It raises its head once or twice nevertheless. In Aubrey Beardsley's designs for Oscar Wilde's "Salome," a new and sinister decoration is made out of the human figure comparable to the curious imaginings of the play itself. It has nothing to do with the production of an optical illusion. It is often untrue to anatomical fact. It aims at expressing a mood, a strange reverie of the mind.

But the tide was in the direction of science. Painters were haunted by the thought of absolute truth. They took nature for a fact and their eyesight for proof and attained an almost miraculous sensitiveness to the changing phenomena of tones and colors before them as they stood at their easels. The climax was reached by Claude Monet in his "Nympheas" series, now permanently displayed through the efforts of M. Clémenceau, that staunch friend of impressionism, in specially constructed oval galleries in the orange garden of the Tuileries.

Here we are confronted by dazzling and prismatic sheets of water strewn with water lilies of every conceivable color. The exact shapes of objects are lost in the rainbow of tinted splendor. For the moment, it is an illusion almost too painful in its demands upon the sensitiveness of the eyesight. One becomes dizzy with color.

This was a culmination—almost a curiosity—in its refinement upon a single sense. A reaction was inevitable and indeed imperative if art were to progress at all. A way out of this impasse had to be discovered, and a contemporary of Monet's was discovering it. Paul Cézanne, a neglected fellow student of the successful impressionists of the day, was working out in his retirement in Arles a way of escape from the tyranny of the eye—a way which would replace the glittering surface-illusion by a frank statement in paint of underlying qualities. The results were greeted by critic and public alike as clumsy and grotesque.

The underlying meaning of the word grotesque is of something misshapen, and this is exactly that Cézanne's work appeared to be, coming so soon after the optical accuracy of impressionism. It seemed that he could not draw correctly or color truthfully. Any art student of three years' standing could

produce a painted pear which could stand comparison with a real pear when seen in a certain light and position. But Cézanne's pears would not conform to this test. His landscapes never deceived you into mistaking his trees for real trees. His numerous portraits of Madame Cézanne are paint and canvas from first to last. But they communicate a certain shock to the spectator so unmistakable that it cannot be ignored. It translates itself as irritation, contempt, wonder, or the excitement which accompanies a new discovery.

If we look for the solemn poetry of Chardin, whose apples and pears disappear and reappear among transparent shadows, or for the brilliantly optical transcriptions of bottles and fruit by Manet, where objects keep their places at varying distances from the spectator through a boldly unconscious obedience to optical effect on the part of the painter, we shall make nothing of this crude and subtle art of Cézanne. The difference is a crucial one and depends on a different use of the eye. Chardin and Manet, although a century apart, were both working on the impressionistic theory of the passive eye. They believed that a painter who used his eyes unconsciously—regarding them in short as a passive instrument without intention or choice

of their own—would receive a new vision of the world around him in terms of paint. Instead of seeing a tree against a white sky, he would see, according to light conditions and his own position, a patch of green paint against a subtle and transparent white paint. By working on the perfecting of this first "impression" he would gradually, always thinking in terms of paint and not of the object, create an illusion of the scene upon the canvas. The spectator, as it were, uses the actual eye of the painter to look through when he sees an impressionistic picture, be it by Velasquez or Manet. It is lent to him as an unconscious instrument.

What Cézanne did was to make the eye once more a conscious instrument. He does not lend the spectator his eyes—he makes the picture an active instead of a passive thing. This is why his pictures are so irritating, so stimulating. The mind that sees them must act in a similar way to his own or else discern little with the eye but a jumble of forms and colors. And the things he wishes to express are no longer the surfaces of objects whether fruit, trees or human beings, but their weight, position, direction, and the forces at work which combine them or keep them apart: not things which the eye alone sees, but things which are known through memory and

experience. No longer is a landscape revealed to him as a receding perspective in which far things become blurred and near things distinct, according to the mechanical sight of the eye, but as a series of directions in space which do not depend upon "blue distances" to appear miles away or upon strong contrasts in the foreground to give a standard of reference as to perspective or relative size. In a still-life painting his most distant apple will be as strongly marked as his nearest one, perhaps with a distinct outline, and yet keep its place flat upon the table and at a measurable distance from the spectator. This effect of distance could only have been given by the impressionist through implicit obedience to his eye. If he were to introduce a black outline, for instance, around a distant object, it would immediately alter its position and appear to come forward and intrude upon the other objects in the picture. Cézanne, on the contrary, through considering the scene before him not as something to be reproduced in tones but to be understood as opposing directions, could paint a strong green outline around his furthest hill and yet keep it recognisably five miles off. It is a case of seeing *with* the eye rather than *through* the eye—of painting what is seen rather than how it is seen.

But all such definitions have perpetually to be redefined. Sight is the artist's medium, and every art movement, however revolutionary, claims to be painting what it sees. It is amusing to recall that the impressionists were never tired of talking of "re-creating the eye of childhood"—meaning the presumably unbiased organ of the infant who sees lights and colors naively, without attaching any meaning to them.

It is confusing enough to find Matisse, the expressionist, asserting forty years later that his aim is to draw like a child of five: "to recapture that freshness of vision which is characteristic of extreme youth." In his case, the remark means the exact opposite of the impressionist's. Matisse and expressionism in general are deeply concerned with reproducing the natural bias of the individual mind, and, from observation of the drawings of children, they consider them to be genuine examples of expressionism. For the child's eye has now been discovered to be so biased by personal interests that it actually sees only what it intends to see—the rest of the world is a blank to it. The impressionistic theory of the unbiased eye of childhood may apply to a newly born infant but has soon to give way to the obvious development of a more or less rigid

symbolism through which the child formulates his growing experience.

Children draw with the mind's eye—"out of their heads," as the saying is. So do savages when they design totem poles or the figure of an idol. Childish symbolism is the equivalent of the earliest examples of what we call "grotesque" art. When a child draws an angry man's head as an immense irregular oval with circular eyes, a square mouth, and makes a disconnected scribble at the top of the paper, which he calls the anger, he is doing exactly the same thing as the savage who combines crude symbols in a devil mask. Both are engaged in a highly abstract and personal creation.

The fact must also be faced that, to a certain extent, the results will be a secret cipher. Only those who naturally tend to associate the same chain of ideas in somewhat the same order will be able to read this personal language of art with ease. It is a noticeable fact that children are not particularly interested in the drawings of other children, and for a very curious reason. It is really because they do not understand them. Each child is using such a personal cipher in his drawing with colored chalks or his water-color painting that it will nearly always

be found necessary for one child to interpret his picture to another in words.

Now to an impressionist such a statement would be tantamount to saying that child-art was not art at all. Artists have been taught for generations that the picture that has to be explained in words is really literature of some kind and not a picture. We are told that art should explain itself inevitably to the eye as forms and colors and patterns, and words should be completely unnecessary. And yet if we look with impartial eyes at the drawings of children and of primitive races, we cannot deny that they are art of some kind, and possess a very strange and powerful attraction. They are astonishingly decorative and often show a masterly sense of design, and yet we are very often at a loss to know what these curious patterns and objects are.

Many painters of today, influenced by the widespread recognition of the vital qualities in child-art, have spent their time in making naive and meaningless shapes and colors upon canvas, and have greatly confused the issue in the public mind. For the whole point of child art and savage art is that the child and the savage are thoroughly in earnest. For them, their drawings are full of true and vital import. They mean something and mean it very definitely.

What looks like an intentional abstraction, a conscious and artistic use of line or color will invariably be found to have a real connection with observed or imagined objects. Children are not interested in art for art's sake at all. "Pure" art is a phrase that means nothing to them. Their own symbols mean nothing to them considered apart from their meaning. We put our hand here on the very root of vitality in childish and primitive art. A round, red shape is not very interesting, but if it means the sun it is at once immensely so. A long green shape is not particularly exciting, but if it turns out to be a dragon it is something to marvel at. And when the child finds that his dragon is not intelligible to other children, he anxiously explains it in words so as to make his private vision clear to them.

Grown-up people have long considered it a clever thing to separate art from meaning. They learn to admire shapes and colors that have no connection with real or imagined objects. They tend to appreciate and to admire fixed and stereotyped things. They like things to be neat and orderly and controlled, and take the decorative pattern so obvious in primitive art to be its vital quality. This is not so. The vital quality of primitive art lies in what the

pattern stands for, not in the pattern itself. This is why child art has been the inspiration of the modern renaissance. The child is absorbed in his vision, his intention, and, however bold and exciting the shapes may be which he invents to express his thought upon paper, the shapes are not the important things to him. He has something to say, and this underlying meaning so far from being a literary weakness extraneous to the artistic worth of his picture, is the very life of it. We have gone worlds away from the artistic aims of the past generation which scorned "meaning" in a picture and concentrated on optical truth as the only salvation of art. Modern expressionism has passed judgment on this view and finds it to be inadequate. If an artist shuts out every thought and idea which do not spring directly from the physical sense of sight, if he is to make himself into a living eye, impersonal, uncritical, the result will certainly be a very fresh direct transcription of the world around him. It will be surprisingly lucid and even brutally frank. It will have the additional quality of being expressed in a universal language which all men can read, the language of the physical eye, which, except for defects and small variations, is common to all. This is a basis, a standard of comparison

which provides the strongest weapon of impressionism. It relies upon the integrity of a single sense. But the very limitations of its unassailable position ensured the strong reaction of expressionism. Physical eyesight is not vision. It deals with an instantaneous impression. Thought is unnecessary, so is experience. Analysis of the immediate optical impression in terms of paint is all that is required of the impressionist. Needless to say this is no easy task. It requires remarkable powers of differentiation and control, but the result is certainly a simple and limited one. Individual expression is reduced to a minimum. Impressionism is the voice of a universal human sense and nothing more.

But we are conscious of experience, associations, preferences in our outlook upon the world. We know not only because we see; our knowledge is made up of constantly accumulating data, only part of which is gained through the eye. If an artist confines himself to reproducing the exact system upon which his eyesight works oblivious to all besides, he will often find an indefinable but curiously poignant discrepancy between his picture and his remembrance of the actual scene. While he is actually painting and can see his picture, for instance, in the very forest where he stands at work, its tones

and colors are so true that the picture fades into its surroundings and becomes a part of the forest itself, —picture and nature appear to be one. But when he brings his canvases home to his town studio and puts them upon his easel, some of the magic has departed. There is an odd feeling of insufficiency about them, and yet, what more had there been, truthfully, to add while he was on the spot? He feels like the child who, having collected treasures of seaweed and shells among the rocks, comes home to find them dull and lifeless in his hands. In his slight bold sketches the magic still holds. It is in his finished pictures that he feels this haunting disappointment, this sense of inadequacy.

Perhaps the answer to the questions which he puts to himself may best be found in this comparison between the sketch and the picture. If we consider what is the quality lacking in the finished picture of the systematic impressionist, we shall find it to be suggestiveness—that quality which sets the imagination free, which tells enough to fire the emotions but not enough to satisfy them. What he has expressed so definitely, so finally, is, after all, the obvious, and the spectator has to satisfy himself with the actual performance in paint. It says tacitly to the spectator, "This is all that was there," and the

spectator is somehow moved to reply, "It is not enough." But the sketch is a different thing. In the first place it is unfinished, and this in itself is a suggestive quality. The imagination is invited to complete it and to fill in the gaps, and also the instantaneous quality of the impressionistic method gives a freshness and an immediacy which are of the very essence of sketching. Some of the best sketches in the whole history of art are done in the impressionistic method. Sesshu and Sesson, the Japanese impressionists, and a marvelous Chinese ink drawing of persimmons reproduced in Arthur Waley's "Chinese Art," Claude Lorraine's and some of Daumier's wash drawings, show the marvelous power and adequacy of the purely visual method when applied to the work of a few moments.

But in the light of recent developments in painting, we are tempted to say that the finished results of the impressionistic method are inadequate. They do not give any hint of the richness of experience and knowledge of the individual mind. If they are true to their system they cannot, and, therefore, it is as a system that impressionism must be judged for its adequacy. Knowledge, experience, individual preferences all find their outlet in what we now call expressionism. The old system is broken down, the

artist is no longer bound by the laws of a single sense, but may devote himself to reproducing on canvas the actual personal emotion which he missed in his purely optical "impression." This alone may be the subject of his picture and fidelity to observed facts a very secondary quality. Expressionism in even its most violent forms is really a spiritual protest.

Now it is well known that spiritual truths have often been expressed in parables and not in frank descriptive statements. Expressionism deals in parables, avoids direct statements, aiming always at that unseen but felt quality in visible things. It is not surprising that the results should appear strange and unnatural to us. We have not been accustomed to seeing pictures of the mind in contemporary exhibitions. To be sure, there were plenty of them in European picture galleries, but they were generally in rooms marked "Primitive Art" or in galleries reserved for archaic sculpture. In America, they could be found in natural history museums in ethnological sections, where the strange and decorative imaginings of the Indian may be seen in masks and paintings and totem poles. One begins to search for early examples of patterns and colors and is not at all deterred by finding them in devil masks,

mummy cases, idols, gargoyles, and the curious and lovely shapes of mermaids and angels.

So it is in what is called Grotesque art that pattern and color first begin as they do also in the paintings of children. Expressionism goes back to the earliest color pattern to found an art new in our times.

CHAPTER II

The Use of Distortion

A NEW point of view involves a new technique, and a new technique nearly always affects the public as a distortion of natural facts. Another curious thing about a new technique is that it usually appears to be barbarously simple and easy to use. "A child could do better than that," is a taunt which has been levelled against expressionism since its first appearance in modern times.

This is because the artistic method of the child is indeed immediately recognisable in the new technique of such men as Matisse, Derain, Rousseau le Douanier, Paul Klee and the German expressionists, only developed to a far higher degree. The public is quick to notice the similarity of the method, because it is familiar with the naive drawings of children and has never seen them hung in picture galleries or considered them to be genuine art. If a child were "talented" he left off drawing in this way very early and began to make accurate copies of what he saw, and this was the kind of work that was encouraged in the art school and, later, ad-

mitted into contemporary art exhibitions. "Serious" art, in short, meant a putting away of childish things and not a development of them. But modern art aims at continuing the child's technique into later life, taking it as the root from which all future development must spring—not as something to be superseded and forgotten. Out of these gaily colored rectangular houses and gardens, these crudely drawn figures at work or play, shall grow the bright street scenes of Maurice Utrillo and the deceptively childish interiors of Matisse with their subtle indications of varying distances. All that the grown man now regards as his problem was implicit in the art of the child.

This is a revolution in artistic outlook and requires another revolution in the technical training of the student: the problem is how to develop his own natural way of doing things and regarding things instead of imposing a new method and a new outlook. The first effort of the pioneers of expressionism was to forget all they had learned and to start afresh. It was only natural that the results should appear to a startled public like the babblings of infants—a kind of highly sophisticated barbarism.

The greatest obstacle to public appreciation lies

in the artist's use of distortion—the bad drawing, as the spectator considers it. This has nothing to do with inability to make accurate reproductions of objects. Matisse, who uses distortion more than almost any other French artist of today, was yet employed in his youth by the French government to make photographically accurate copies of pictures in the Louvre. And the extraordinarily geometric art of the cubists proved, if it did nothing else, the complete control over draughtsmanship of the modern painter.

As a matter of fact, modern painters are unconscious of their own distortions. They do not introduce them arbitrarily; they find them happening as the work progresses, without any conscious intention of their own. The reason is that they are no longer interested in reproducing exact shapes or anatomical proportions, and so they do not achieve these but something else instead. And because the spectator has been accustomed to judge pictures as faithful reproductions of actual proportions, the first thing to strike him in an expressionist picture is its inaccuracy in this respect.

The only remedy for this unfavorable effect is to see a very great number of expressionist paintings, —to familiarize oneself thoroughly with the sight

of them; and then a curious thing happens. We no longer notice distortions of any kind in them. Our eye passes over these inaccuracies and goes on to recognise a real aim in the picture. The distortions do not affect us any longer as such but as indications of the direction the painter's mind is taking. They may assume two very different forms. In one case they may indicate what is unessential to the painter's mind and is therefore neglected and left unfinished, or they may, on the contrary, express his chief interest through exaggeration—a kind of caricature to increase the emphasis. There is only one way to discover which is which, and that is, as has been said, to see as many expressionist paintings as possible. The important thing is to discover what is the painter's chief interest. Interest involves distortion. When the artist thinks of one thing with passion, he is ignoring other things equally present. His brain does not present him with a complete and rounded image of the world he lives in, but with a partial, distorted image—how partial and how distorted he is seldom aware. In this sense, Rembrandt's unvarying color schemes of russet brown are a distortion—a partial and exaggerated statement deliberately chosen to express a mood. And Botticelli's emphasis upon graceful line even at the expense of

correct anatomy is also a distortion comparable to that of the modern painter. It is only when the artist recognises and trusts this personal and independent vision to the full, and paints his own interest in a scene instead of painting geographical or anatomical proportions, that he achieves the greatest art of which he is capable. If he were to go over his picture correcting the unconscious distortions which have crept in, he would entirely destroy the emphasis. And if the spectator will only take the trouble to make himself familiar with this personal and curiously accented language, he will soon lose the sense of its being unintelligible gibberish and begin to perceive a meaning. The fact that each artist's technique is different according to the thing he wishes to express is certainly an obstacle, but one which it is worth while overcoming by acquainting oneself with his special language.

A very common misunderstanding of expressionist painting is that which regards it as hopelessly unfinished—mere sketching, in short. We have been accustomed to make a marked distinction between the sketch and the picture, and have forgiven all kinds of distortions and inaccuracies in a quick sketch which would be considered unpardonable in a "finished" picture. This point of

view has forced countless great painters to spend months on the elaboration of a theme which had been expressed once for all in their first brilliant preparatory sketch. Anyone who compares, for instance, the "exhibition" pictures of Constable with those marvellous lightning sketches of his in the Victoria and Albert Museum in London is forced to conclude that his reputation is based upon his worst work—and the same might be said of Delacroix, whose splendidly daring and elliptic statements in water-color or pen and ink seem to be tamed and corrected when we meet them again in the large oil pictures which made him famous. This is why the discriminating collector of pictures often prefers drawings of the great masters to any of their so-called "finished" works. The magic of enthusiasm and insight is still alive in these hasty, incomplete touches. We are in contact with the actual, unconscious talent of the artist, with no premeditation and self-correction to come between. Modern artists have become acutely conscious of the waste of talent involved in putting a surface finish and correction upon a vital statement. Not only the great master but every artist knows the virtue of his unfinished sketch and destroys it in his picture. It is a symbol of a larger whole than he can grasp—it

eludes him when he tries to analyse it and pin it down. It is the unconscious voice of his talent, and, when he tries to make it conscious, it is only too apt to harden and become mechanical. The very inaccuracies and distortions in his sketch seem to be part of its vitality. This is why modern expressionism retains distortion as its special privilege and unconscious virtue. It is an image of the incomplete, and incompleteness is a vital quality.

Another point of view is that which looks on distortion in a picture as a portrayal of deformity and therefore pathological—a symptom of decadence and a wilful destruction of standards which have been the work of centuries. It is chiefly in the matter of human proportions that we are so sensitive. We do not mind a stunted tree in a painting, or a ruined house; indeed we consider them "picturesque." We recognise the accidental beauty of uneven lines and asymmetric proportions. But to treat the human face and figure as freely and unconventionally in art as a flower pattern, for instance, arouses distaste. Again the remedy for this opinion is to become so familiar with work of this kind that it ceases to surprise by its language and can be judged by its meaning.

For artistic distortion is no more than a technique

—a vocabulary which may mean much or nothing according to the use which is made of it. It is not at all the same thing as an accurate copy of physical deformities in living people. A faithful picture of a hunchback will not express artistic distortion any more than an exact likeness of a reigning beauty will produce a great portrait. If an expressionist painter takes a deformed person as the subject of his picture, he has to recreate him as a design just as radically as if his shape were normal, in order to convey his own interest on to canvas. A striking illustration of this can be seen in the work of a modern Italian sculptor, Emmanuele Dazzi, whose colossal statue of a one-legged man stands in the Pincio Gardens in Rome. This cripple, a young man named Enrico Toti, who enlisted in a cyclist corps and was killed in the war, is sculptured as a gigantic, nude figure flinging his crutch away. But even from a great distance the figure strikes the spectator as a violently angular and almost inhuman pattern in green bronze. The sculptor has utilized the physical incompleteness of the figure and the violence of the gesture to remake a human being, as it were, into a new and striking design in conflicting rhythms. It thus impresses itself upon the mind as a visual and

daring opposition of force with limitation and not as an accurate portrayal of a man.

The distortions of the expressionist and the art of caricature spring from identically the same principle, only their application is different. They both depend for their effect upon exaggerations of some kind. These exaggerations are the essentially artistic features in either case—the work would be commonplace without them. They are the signature of the artist. But the caricaturist depends for his exaggerations upon what he sees with his physical eye—the great caricaturists Daumier, Gavarni, Forain are all impressionists. A fine caricature is an obvious likeness; it is truer than any exact copy of proportions. It seizes those peculiarities of physical formation which are most instantaneously obvious to the physical eye and exaggerates them until they form a new creation which is yet an instantly recognisable portrait. Caricature is thus the sworn foe of classicism in that it deals with the accidental physical peculiarity, the passing gesture, the fashion of the moment, the external pattern of contemporary life.

Expressionism uses the same principle of exaggeration but in such a different way that it appears, strangely enough, to be a return to the classic

temper in art. This is the last thing that its enemies would concede to it, but, nevertheless, its aims are those of early Greece and the Renaissance, of China and Old Japan. While caricature, like impressionism, interests itself primarily in effects, expressionism studies causes. It concerns itself especially with construction and overlooks accidental alterations and peculiarities of structure. The trunk of a tree becomes first and foremost a cylinder with other smaller cylinders developing from it at certain angles. The human figure becomes a jointed construction with possibilities of movement in a limited number of directions.

This way of looking at natural objects leads to an intelligent understanding of their formation and properties, of their connection with other objects, and with the ground on which they rest. When such an artist is drawing a figure, he does not copy the pose of the model as if that pose were the only important thing in his picture, but he considers the peculiar implications that are involved in that pose; the inevitable distribution of weight according to the displacement of volumes, the various necessary planes and angles which one part of the figure will make against another in order to maintain a balance, and the no less important part played by the

angle of the floor with the background in establishing a logical support and in suggesting space. The expressionist seeks to understand a human figure instead of to copy it, and at last becomes a master of it and is no longer completely dependent on the model posing in front of him. He is freed from the tyranny of the eye. He no longer merely sees but knows what he sees.

This is no new thing in art. It is exactly what we notice in the drawings of Michelangelo, Raphael, Leonardo, and the great Chinese and Japanese draughtsmen. They all drew from construction and not from sight alone, and could invent any number of possible poses without the model being present, as indeed was their constant practice.

We do not often notice the use of distortion in naturalistic Greek or Renaissance art, because the emphasis is so definitely laid on grace, strength or beauty. But we notice it very markedly in the art of China and Japan, which uses very much the same system of exaggeration as modern expressionism. Hokusai expresses the rhythmic movement of a woman brushing her hair by an intricate series of long and short curves which can have had little relation with the visible outline of her figure. The immense feet in a Picasso drawing establish a

strong sense of weight and contact with the floor. On the other hand, the elongated figure drawings of Alexander Archipenko, through their undulating upward curves and length of leg, suggest the other property of the human figure—that of leaving the ground in flight like a dancer. Max Weber has expressed in a water-color that rivals the best Chinese work some of the essential movements of a group of horses according to this sense of constructive distortion. They run, bend their heads, or stand still according to his knowledge of the characteristic powers and qualities of the animal—not because he has recorded these movements from eyesight alone, like a camera.

One of the most interesting features of distortion in modern times is its use in landscape. This was very rare in past times except in Eastern art which continually applied the same laws of invention and exaggeration to natural scenery as to human beings and animals. It can never be repeated too often that there was no hint of incapacity in this reorganisation of geographical proportions. Over and over again, Hokusai, like Matisse, will prove his ability to draw exact proportions, and then he will suddenly break away into an incredibly fantastic print of a wave, blue as dark lapis-lazuli and full of a gi-

gantic playfulness, a riot of curves and patterns. Or he will draw Fujiyama in the early morning lifting its snow-streaked head into a sky barred with sunrise clouds—the whole design an infinitely bold exaggeration of the effects of dawn. And in much modern landscape, such as that of Derain, Vlaminck, Duncan Grant, we see the same spirit at work converting the shapes of trees and mountains into menacing or engaging patterns and volumes. The dynamic quality of a mountain range, the living line of it against the sky, absorbs and intrigues the expressionist. He feels its roots in the soil and its peaks thrusting into space as definite movements and tries to express these facts, essential to him, on the flat surface of a piece of canvas. The skyscrapers of New York affect the American expressionist in the same way, and he experiments with inclined planes until the whole city becomes a rhythmic movement in his hands. Distortion of some kind is a necessity if he is to express what he is thinking about when he looks at the world around him.

CHAPTER III

An Ancient Heritage

THE revival of distortion in art has been accompanied by another resuscitation—that of the fabulous animal as a motif for design.

The number of these grotesque creatures already existing in art would form the material for a new biology. They are the one standardised form of grotesque invention. Their shapes have been definitely fixed, and we recognise them no less surely than we do the actual animal kingdom. Dragons, mermaids, phœnixes, griffins, unicorns, have long been familiar to us. There is certainly a good deal of doubt about the basilisk, which seems never to have been standardised but to vary between a serpent and a fowl. But we are quite sure of the others and at a pinch can draw them ourselves. Modern artists are not only reinstating these well-known creations in decorative painting, fabric and ornament, but are inventing new animals of their own. This is another sign of the vitality of the grotesque in art and is a natural development from distortions of any kind as well as being often a direct invention.

There are at least three different ways in which these decorative animals have originated in the past. Curiously enough, the chief of these is literary description. This has been responsible for some of the most striking and original designs in existence, such as Pegasus, Cerberus, the centaur, and the Gorgon's Head, and in this category we can also include the results of Biblical descriptions, such as the pictured Seraphim, the four beasts of the Apocalypse, and angels. For it would be a mistake to think that the term "grotesque art" applies only to monstrous or ludicrous inventions. Much grotesque art is fantastically beautiful, especially when it springs partly or entirely from literature, as in the case of mermaids. All purely inventive figure-design is included under this title, whether derived from literature, from distortions of form, or from direct visual invention, though the word "grotesque" is commonly applied only to the results of the two last methods which are generally more strange than lovely.

Many fabulous animals in art have, on the contrary, all the appearance of having been drawn from life. The bones of the mastodon and of the dinosaur certainly suggest creatures as grotesque as any fabulous animal, and lend some support to the theory that even the most fantastic design has its

origin in obscure race memories of creatures that walked the earth when man was still in the making. This would seem to be especially true of the dragon and the unicorn. Medieval literature is full of dragons. In the records of an English castle there is an ancient entry of a small sum being paid to a contemporary plumber for evicting a dragon from the foundations, and a number of well attested dragons are seen in China to this day. These modern survivals are apt, however, to vary in shape, and, in one contemporary Chinese drawing done from memory soon after an encounter between a dragon and the artist, the creature appears to have the head of a goat and hardly to coincide with the standardised dragons of China in other particulars. The Chinese dragon is certainly the most completely organised of all grotesque creations. It assumes any number of poses and is easily recognisable in them all. We know its anatomy as well as we do that of an alligator.

The unicorn also seems a little less legendary than phœnixes or griffins. As late as the seventeenth century, we read of existing unicorns. "The creature," says Kirchmayer, "is incapable of being tamed, of a very fierce, solitary and brave temperament. It is of the size of a horse and has that creature's mane.

His cry is of the most terrible description." This would account for the kind of unicorn we see in the English coat of arms; but in many famous tapestries it is represented as a one-horned antelope, often white. These variations seldom occur in pictures of fabulous animals of purely inventive origin, and would seem to be due to the indecision of travelers' tales.

But, although dragons and unicorns are being used in modern design, there are two other methods of creating grotesque creatures which appeal more to the artist of today than literary description or the possibility of reproducing extinct animals. One of these is the great traditional method of making composites, and the other is distorted realism as exemplified by many of the medieval gargoyles.

Nearly all the most famous grotesque animals are composite creations. This is often due to a symbolism which seeks to unite certain specified qualities in a single animal. The Sphinx is perhaps the finest and most elaborate example of this. It is a woman to the waist with the body of a dog, the tail of a serpent, and the paws of a lion. The Greeks, not content with this, added wings. Yet the effect is in no sense patch-work but that of an organic creature. We only begin to realise the artistic value of

these creations when we investigate primitive grotesque art and discover what a large number of unsuccessful animals were invented which have not survived except in an experimental form. It takes a great deal more than a mere piecing together of incongruous parts to make a fabulous animal that will stand the test of time and pass into the very fabric of design, to be used as a common heritage by all subsequent decorative art. When we look at these unsuccessful composite animals, we feel from the first that they are patch-work. We almost see the nails and cardboard and glue. They are like the imaginary animals drawn by children.

This is not because the several parts are badly drawn but because these animals have never been connected with æsthetic ideas such as rhythm or design. There is nothing artistic about them—they have as yet no right to exist, belonging neither to art nor to nature. The very same combinations of tusks and wings and spotted fur could be re-created as superb new animals but only through the imaginative process of seeing each entire animal in terms of rhythm or design. In its present stage it is only amusing carpentry, like the brown paper camels of a fancy dress ball.

Odilon Redon was one of the most distinguished

modern designers of grotesque creatures. Pasteur, who was his friend, once remarked to him, "I like your monsters, Redon. They exist." This is the real test. What is it that makes these imaginary creatures seem organic and alive when drawn on paper or sculptured in stone?

If we examine many fine examples of fabulous animals we shall find that they all have one thing in common, and that is good design. That is to say, they are composed, one part in relation to the other, upon a markedly geometrical foundation in much the same way as building up a puzzle. The difference between good and bad design would seem to be recognised by an uncomfortable feeling that the parts do not fit. All good design has to appear a compact whole to the eye, however incongruous the parts.

We see this very clearly in heraldry where the animal is drawn to fit a given area and, in all its conventional poses from couchant to rampant, obeys fixed rules as to straight lines and curves. This close connection with heraldry also accounts for a good deal of monotony in arrangement, and most fabulous animals are chiefly known to us in profile. Who ever saw a full-face cockatrice or the back view of a griffin? They pose forever in profile, and

so does the phœnix except for a slight occasional change to three-quarter face. Modern designers have carried on this tradition with most of the classic animals, except in sculpture, which has naturally always had to be a little more explicit. Griffins, for instance, have usually been made in solid profiles, perhaps to decorate the arms or steps of thrones in the style of the winged bulls of Assyria, those tremendous profile creations in the Louvre. One can walk round them, it is true, but always with the feeling that one is not supposed to. There is one angle from which they should be looked at, and that is from the side. Those grotesque creations which are half human and half animal, like the Sphinx or the centaur, are generally, on the contrary, complete in structure, and we are familiar with them from many different angles.

But there are very many artists today who are inventing their own grotesque figures and animals —experimenting with lines and with lumps of clay and arranging them in new combinations. They are interested in exploring the range and power of the weapons of art. When a line is not being used to define any visible object, can it be made to mean anything? Have colors any artistic significance in themselves? Such questions as these

intrigue the modern painter, and he naturally begins to appreciate grotesque art of all kinds because the creatures portrayed so obviously exist only by means of the lines and spaces of the designer and not because they are imitations of things already alive. These very lines and spaces contain the secret of vitality in art, and if these unreal things can be made to live through rhythm and design, the artist realises more clearly than ever the absolute necessity in all art of just these æsthetic qualities. The most grotesque experiments of modern artists spring from these investigations, this newly found joy in the weapons of abstract line and color. Indeed, the contemporary designer of grotesque animals on fabric hardly ever sets out with the definite intention of drawing them. He plays with patches of color and curved and straight lines until suddenly his patches become suggestive shapes like faces in the fire. Hence the variegated fauna and flora of the designer's kingdom.

CHAPTER IV

A Search for Rhythm

EVERY new art movement is really a search for a new rhythm. Visual rhythms become monotonous as well as rhythms in music, and the artist is far quicker than the public to tire of them and to feel the necessity for a change. Art is a symbol of the changing continuity of visible things. The painter has to endow everything he paints with life, and how to do it is his constant problem.

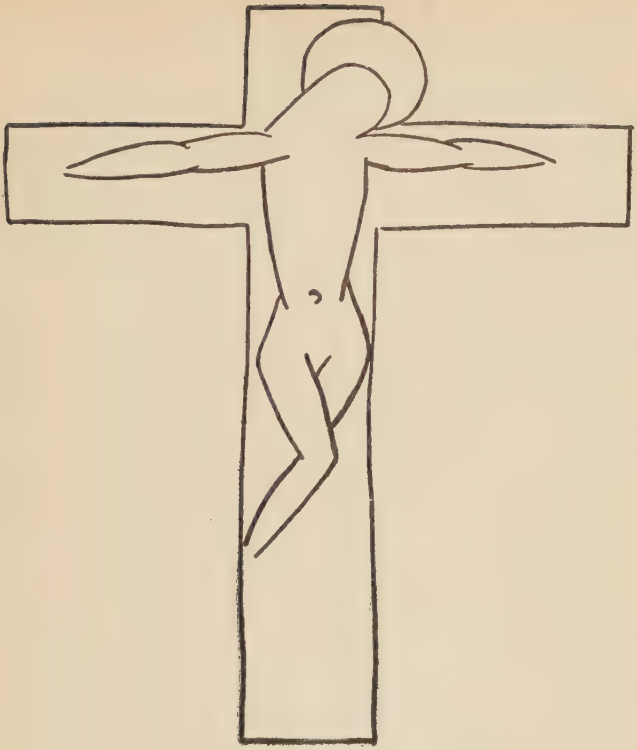
He draws no distinction between what are called animate and inanimate objects. To the artist everything is alive, and he calls this life rhythm. He sees it in a stone as clearly as in a gesture. If he is only drawing an outline of the stone, he is searching for rhythm, and, if he is painting it in color or simply in black and white, he is doing the same. For there is a rhythm of line, a rhythm of color, a rhythm of light and shade in every object he can see. When he has expressed any one of these rhythms, he has achieved artistic vitality upon his paper or canvas. If we look at the serious art of any period or any nation, we shall find it attacking this problem of

giving vitality to painting from one of these angles. Attainment is an invariable sign of first-class work and is as rare as it is difficult. Many painters and draughtsmen can achieve good design for one that can express rhythm. But the two are often spoken of as synonymous, and there is a great deal of confusion in dictionary and academic definitions which treat rhythm in painting as if it were the same thing as meter in poetry—a measured repetition—which is not a definition of visual rhythm at all but of design. The confusion arises from the fact that there are two kinds of design, one static and the other dynamic, and the effect of movement in a dynamic design is mistaken for rhythm.

Static design is, as its name implies, a spacing of lines, shapes, colors, in a motionless and self-contained pattern. Any geometrical arrangement consisting of straight lines, such as a diamond arranged within a square, up to the most complicated patterns, will be a static design. As soon as curves are introduced into a pattern, the eye begins to follow the curve instead of taking in the pattern as a whole, and this is the beginning of dynamic design, which uses combinations of straight lines and curves to produce slow or sudden movements in the pattern.

The crucifixion design reproduced on page 49 is an example of dynamic pattern spontaneously drawn by a girl of thirteen in the art classes of the Friends' Seminary of New York. This illustrates the use of a dynamic pattern inside a static one—the lines of the cross being rigid and broken only by the curves of the head and the halo. If it were not for these curves, the whole pattern would become static in spite of the irregular curves and angles of the figure, because, being entirely contained within the cross, the irregular lines would become too weak to compete with it, and the strong static lines would then govern the whole design. On the other hand, when the halo is included the rigid lines of the cross greatly increase the dynamic effect of the drawing, because it provides a stress between regular and irregular pattern, and there is then sufficient irregularity to make this visual struggle effective.

This is the kind of design used by the Assyrians and by the modern Epstein who has based so much of his work upon Assyrian bas-reliefs. It is dynamic as are also the famous cave drawings of animals. Remarkable effects of movement can be given purely by a swirling or zigzag pattern of lines or colors or in the summary lines of children when they draw running animals or people.



"CRUCIFIXION" *Janet Harbeck, 13 years*

The earliest art is invariably static design. Simple symmetrical patterns can be found in the most primitive paintings, and these can be developed to a great intricacy and beauty. We can trace the gradual evolution of the next phase, dynamic design which brings in much bolder and more varied patterns and introduces effects of movement. Some nations, such as Russia, never advance beyond this point in art but continue to produce beautiful static and dynamic designs in their crafts and needlework, and introduce the same kind of motif when they paint their ikons.

But the greatest art achieves rhythm, and rhythm is something more than movement. Design, whether static or dynamic, can be and is effectively taught, because it depends upon space-filling by means of lines and colors. If we place a diagonal and a zigzag line within a square we have made a design, though perhaps with no great originality. But the very simplest example of rhythm is a more complicated thing than this. It depends upon insight—upon a recognition of visual causes and effects which is rare in the art of any nation. In the earliest stages of rhythm, we certainly find it simplified as much as possible. The rhythms of line, color, mass or light and shadow are kept apart and each one expressed

GIRL WITH HAT *Henri Matisse*

very simply for its own sake. A line rhythm will be quite flat, for instance, as in the moving rhythms of arabesques. Although these may be brightly colored, the color is always arbitrary as in design—the sensation of rhythm is brought about by the undulations of the line which even in its most intricate windings must maintain a seemingly inevitable series of changes from one curve to another. It must appear organic. Paul Klee, the German expressionist, is experimenting in the same way with pure color rhythms, and weaves a charming movement of changing colors all over his paper although using at the same time a more or less static geometric design as far as the form goes. The effect is of a dance of colors in the flat.

In the drawing by Henri Matisse called "Girl with Hat," reproduced on page 51, we see an excellent example of this simple rhythm, this time in line alone. When we look at these lines on the paper, we do not consider them as denoting anything solid except through our previous knowledge of what they stand for. The actual lines as a flat rhythmic pattern are the subject of the picture and make an interesting contrast with the design-pattern of the "Crucifixion" on page 49. In the latter case, the lines are all joined together and only depart from

THE CROCODILE FROM "PETER PAN" *Joan Howson, 12 years*

each other in arbitrary angles and curves. In the "Girl with Hat," the lines are so widely separated from each other as to have apparently no connection. Yet in spite of this they all seem to be related in a common movement which weaves itself from the line of the dress upwards to the brim of the hat and is met by another movement weaving itself from the crown of the hat downwards, and these two movements unite in forming one pattern. Each of these apparently arbitrary curves are necessary. If we cover the right eyebrow, the movement is disturbed because the distance between the hat and the nose then appears too great to allow a mental connection to be established. If we cover the nose, the movement of lines appears to slow down. We can disturb this curious dance in half a dozen ways by omitting one of the lines. In the movements of *dynamic* design, there is no such mental connection to be grasped. A line can be changed in a dozen ways at the will of the draughtsman. But in a *rhythmic* movement of lines, the change of one line will interrupt the movement of all the others.

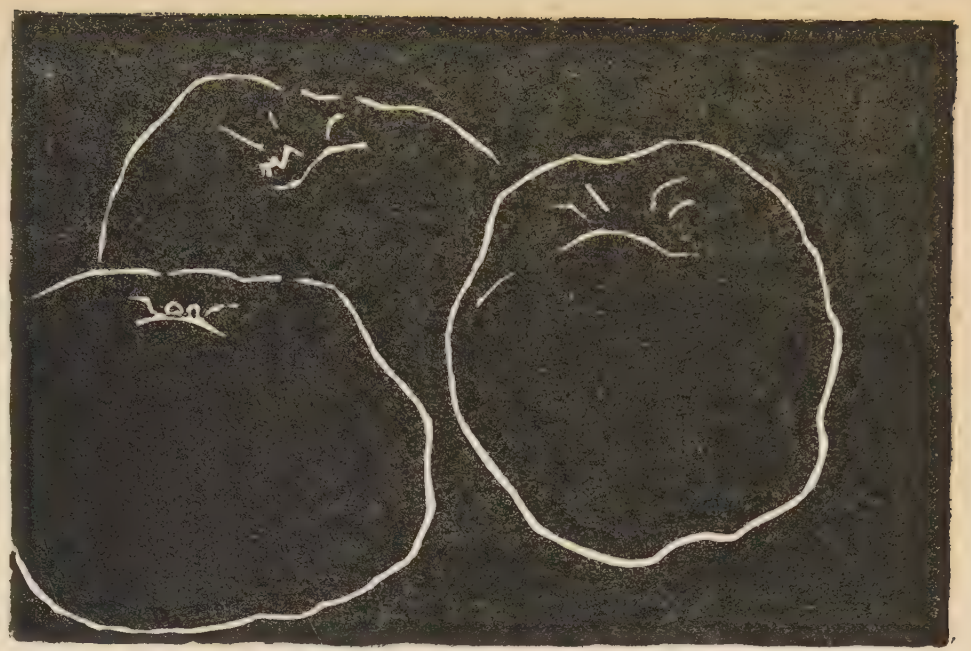
An excellent example of black and white *design* as opposed to black and white *rhythm* is reproduced on page 53, again the spontaneous work of a girl in the Friends' Seminary of New York. Here we

see the strong effect of black and white contrasts established according to the taste of the young designer. The amount of black space as against white space is determined by an instinctive feeling for balance. As has been said before, good design is like putting a puzzle together, and in this example the parts, although freely drawn, form a compact whole to the eye.

Black and white *rhythm* on the contrary, can be studied most easily in the wash drawings of Chinese and Japanese impressionists. They are not intentionally decorative like the crocodile design but accidentally so. Their object is to reduce visible nature to a rhythmic series of light and dark patches, representing not light and shadow but the varying depth of color in objects. The closely observed connection between these apparently unrelated spots which stand for trees, clouds and mountains, ends by establishing a rhythm—a subtle organic movement on the paper which gives such drawings an extraordinary vitality. As a matter of fact a double rhythm has been imparted in some instances through the patches being considered, not only as light and dark pattern, but as denoting solid forms. Where we find this three-dimensional feeling for form as well as the flat gradation of patches from

black to grey, we get a rhythm of spaces and volumes in addition to a rhythm of tones, and this is a feature of all highly developed art. There is often a great deal of beauty in simple flat rhythms of line or color, but the most interesting and moving art of any period would seem to contain this double rhythm—this spatial movement as well as the line or color rhythm. The eye is invited to explore in depth as well as in length and breadth. It can lose itself in far horizons and be assured of unseen surfaces which complete the seen ones. Great painters and draughtsmen have proved over and over again that no flat pattern, whether rhythmic, static, or dynamic, possesses the emotional value of a pattern which projects itself inwards in depth.

This is why the study of planes is essential to any great art movement. The action of disappearing lines and surfaces becomes of the very greatest importance if this sensation of depth is to be given. It can be given mechanically as in architects' perspective drawings, and, indeed, most of the violent and decorative three-dimensional painting of today is no more than an exaggeration or distortion of mechanical perspective. This can often have very pleasing results as arbitrary design—especially in the production of ceramics, carpets, or printed



STILL LIFE *Henri Matisse*

fabrics, but, if the modern picture on the wall is to hold its own with the greatest pictures of the past and not become one more perquisite of the interior decorator, rhythm must be substituted for design and a more vitally interesting organisation set up upon canvas or paper.

The most distinguished contemporary painters have realised this. In the little drawing in white on black by Matisse, reproduced on page 57, we see line rhythm used three-dimensionally so as to give the added sensation of space and volume. We have no doubt, when we look at this drawing, that the apples are solid shapes with a recognisable distance in depth between them. We can turn the drawing upside down, and still the impression of solidity persists. Yet there is no shading—the black background is also used within the outlines. There is nothing to suggest solidity except the thin white line around the objects. These apples could also be drawn as a flat rhythmic pattern, and it would be much easier to do. But there is no doubt of the added strength of appeal in this three-dimensional drawing when we compare it with the "Girl with Hat" by the same artist. These flat rhythms are less absorbing, less stimulating.

Now what is the secret of this rhythmic drawing

and painting? How can rhythm be observed by the artist in visible things and re-created and emphasised on paper or canvas? What is it that distinctively separates it from arbitrary designs and makes us accept it as a symbol of life itself?

The secret of rhythmic expression would seem to be found in the study of transitions, whether in line, color, or black and white. Transitions are things which are not seen but understood, and this accounts for the artist's difficulty in expressing them. If we want to see rhythm in its simplest form we can look at ripples moving on water. The outlines of the ripples are not in themselves rhythmic. If we paint each successive ripple with the utmost accuracy, the result will be at best only the material for a flat design. The rhythm consists in the change of one ripple into another. Again, if we watch a great dancer and faithfully draw each attitude, however momentary, the drawing will not be rhythmic. The rhythm lay, not in any one movement, but in the transition that bound one movement to another. Now transitions are virtually invisible. We can watch them in slow movement motion-pictures, it is true, but here the retarded action actually destroys the rhythm by destroying the relative degrees of speed with which the dif-

ferent parts of a gesture are performed. No emphasis is laid upon the definite purpose of the movement, and so it merely becomes a long drawn out sequence of small actions instead of the rapid and elliptic pattern which leaves hiatuses to be leapt and completed by the imagination. Such motion-pictures are like the large-print books for children, so difficult and tiresome for the grown-up person to read. Transitions cannot be literally observed and copied. They have to be grasped intuitively if at all, and here lies the difficulty. A transition is nothing which is already present. It is a perpetual becoming—an unseen but implicit bridge or link between the most dissimilar things, as well as those which are alike—for, as we have seen, it applies not only to physical movements but to lines, tones and colors. Rhythm in art is thus a mental quality and cannot be identified with any particular lines, spaces, colors, or volumes, residing as it does in the idea of a necessary and vital connection between these visible things. The painter has to discover a shape out of formlessness and a color out of a shimmer of gradations.

This is why the arbitrary connections of design, however beautiful, such as repetitions of colors, lines, volumes, or tones, will not produce rhythm.

Rhythm is brought about by a mental grasp of the inevitable relationship of one element to all the others, not by the cunning and forcible piecing together of different elements which is the function of design. It creates a synthesis so closely knit and so organic that it obliterates the impression of the several parts or movements and presents one complete and living structure. The great artist paints these invisible transitions whether of line, color or volume, and presents them as a new and living shape.

It would seem from this that rhythm is inseparable from naturalism in art, and, indeed, it is not usually found in purely inventive pictures and never at its strongest. It is excessively difficult to create rhythm in an arbitrary form, and when it is thus achieved, it springs merely from memories of visible nature. Our ideas of the rhythmic flow of colors and lines are all derived from the complex spectacle before us, and the artist produces effects that are strange enough to unobservant eyes by simply recording these visual ideas as they affect him in his daily vision of his surroundings. An apple in the hands of Cézanne becomes a study of rhythmic color transitions which will weave a dance of associated tints all over the canvas. Or it can

be turned into a tonal rhythm by Chardin and become an agent in a world of advancing and retreating shadows. But in every case, visible nature is the stimulus to rhythm in art.

The drawings of modern sculptors are a case in point. Rodin, Maillol, Bourdelle, Archipenko, each in a very different and personal way, attacks the problem of *rhythm* as *transition* but always in their drawings, with the direct inspiration of the model. In Rodin's drawings, the rhythm is not so much one of surfaces as of lines defining a gesture. He seems to have felt the life and movement of a figure as a question chiefly of elongation and retraction, and the effect of life in his drawings is given by a grasp of this principle. The thin sinuous lines by which he defines a pose are quite unphotographic and purposely curve or flatten to give the effect of stretching or relaxation. Archipenko's figures are seldom relaxed but stretch upward with undulating lines. Maillol again has his own personal method of expressing the life in a human outline. He sees it as a changing relationship established between volumes—as the melting of one large surface into another. Although he draws a heavy outline around a figure, the actual outline is the least important thing to him. What he does is to express

DRAWING *Aristide Maillol*

the transition by which one part of the body displaces and alters another through a change in position. By no technical cleverness but by a fundamental understanding of all the subtle alterations involved in a shifting of weight as compared with a simple, rigidly upright pose, he sets up a rhythmic, compensating movement in the entire figure which communicates itself to the spectator.

It is this rhythm of volumes that links the work of Maillol to that of early Greece—indeed, it is difficult at first sight to guess the period and authorship of Maillol's small terra cotta figures. The poses in each case are simple. There are no contortions, no obvious movements, only perhaps a slight change of weight from the normal standing position. The model stands with her weight resting upon one leg and turns her head a little—the simplest and least noticeable of poses. And yet in the hands of Maillol or of the Greek sculptor it becomes the material for a calm, deep rhythm of moving surfaces.

It is this feeling of rhythm as in some sort a *compensation* that is so vital a truth when expressed by the painter or the draughtsman. Each element in a picture is seen to depend upon another for its very existence, and this is what makes the work

suddenly alive and organic. Modern sculptors, both in clay and pencil, have expressed a more complex and fundamental sense of rhythm than any painter of our generation except Cézanne. Naturally, the limitations of sculpture as regards color and its far more easily attained three-dimensional form give the sculptor an advantage over the painter whose problems are so varied and so difficult to simplify. But the significance of these sculptors' drawings cannot be overlooked. They prove that a three-dimensional study is the surest key to rhythm.

CHAPTER V

New Values

THE question may be asked: "Is modern painting merely the invention of a new language for the expression of old ideas? Has it a point of view of its own, or is it simply a new vocabulary—a technical experiment?" When we analyze the pioneer work of Cézanne—the "primitive" of the modern movement—then turn to the work of a one-time cubist like Picasso or Georges Braque, and then to the art of an expressionist like Matisse or Modigliani, we have before us, as it were, the pedigree of modern painting in its transition from impressionism. Here are the three principal stages: transition, cubism, expressionism; and the last is now a world-wide influence. What do they have to tell us that we did not know before, and what new contact have they established for us with the visible life of today?

In the first place it must be conceded that the whole movement in all its stages is a French one. Its most original and distinguished representatives could be chosen from among French painters alone,

except for a certain mystical phase of expressionism which is best represented in Germany. Italy, England, and America follow the lead of France and have so far produced no original development of the themes set forth by Frenchmen, although a great deal of personal talent, especially in America, is finding expression along similar lines. But when the pictures of today are sifted and hung in the Louvre, will they have a meaning for future generations comparable to that of a Giotto, a Giorgione, a Rembrandt, a Daumier?

The first thing we notice when we see modern pictures hung next Old Masters is that they are speaking a much more vivid, jerky, and highly accented visual language, and that the actual identification of the object painted is more difficult. Tone, which is gradation of light and shadow, has often been abstracted from the color which is then amazingly pure and varied, with the candid tints of porcelain and earthenware. For the moment, these pictures seem to take away our grasp of the actual when compared with the sober reverence for optical truth in a Rembrandt portrait or in a figure by Vermeer, and to conduct us into an abstract world where thoughts, wishes, or strange imaginings take the places of familiar objects.

To a large extent this is characteristic of all three stages of modern painting, and the motive force behind each of them would seem to be a varying mixture of physics and psychology. The laws and properties of natural objects and of the forces acting upon them have become a more absorbing study to the painter than the accidental appearance of these objects in the guise of colored lights and shadows. At the same time there is a strong affirmation of the right of every individual to consider his experience of life as unique and incapable of being likened to that of anybody else. The opposition of these two tendencies lies at the root of expressionism and gives it its complex and often unbalanced character. If you, as a painter, believe that the visible world exists, not as a changing and picturesque appearance for the eye, but as a result of inexorable forces beyond your power to change, that is one thing. At its most severely logical, it is cubism with its contempt for appearances and insistence on what we know by experience. A human head has a front, a back, a profile, and many intermediate surfaces. Why should the painter confine himself to representing a single one of these according to his limited eyesight, when he knows very well that there are also all the others? Granted

that it makes for confusion—is not the human mind also a confusion of images and ideas in different terms and systems of thought? Here the possibility of a personal interpretation occurs. Cubism becomes expressionism, and the second psychological phase is added.

As an attempt to reconcile an intellectual and an emotional interest in visible things, expressionism is certainly a movement of wider scope than impressionism, its predecessor. It is also less dogmatic. When complete individual expression is allowed, there can be no inflexible standard of right and wrong. Each painter is a law to himself, the only rule being that he must demonstrate that law as a personally binding system. This is an awful freedom to most painters, and its difficulty is shown by the uncertainty of even the stronger talents, and the frenzied imitativeness of the weaker seeking some fixed rules of conduct and unable to invent or discover them for themselves. It is no unusual thing to find a painter changing his entire method every few years. Picasso has done this to the dismay of the conventional picture collector, and, to a lesser extent, Derain, Braque, Duncan Grant, and Macdonald Wright. These are the sincere and gifted exponents of expressionism who

are not afraid to experiment and even to regard their work chiefly in the light of an experiment. Lesser artists, such as Marie Laurencin with her delightful, café-concert style, are content to repeat themselves having once found a formula, but Manet's remark, "Each time I paint, I throw myself into the water to learn swimming," might be taken as a personal description of their method by the strongest painters of today.

Development has been the difficulty of most modern talents. When a painter is free to choose his own problem, it will often happen that it proves comparatively easy to solve and soon leaves him looking for another, or else he may find his artistic idea to be somewhat sterile and incapable of much expansion. No modern artist has as yet set himself so difficult and so fertile a problem as Cézanne when he set out to place impressionism among the old masters. It took him all his life to make his new approach to nature in any way clear. His art was no mere expression of personal preferences but was guided by a philosophy which saw beyond the limitations of physical eyesight and yet sought to indicate and include them in his synthesis of pictorial elements.

It would appear to be a contradiction to say that

sentiment of anguish and the coming crisis (Scherzo of the Symphony).

When this crisis of 1917 came, it also stared in the face of Medtner, who was Rachmaninoff's junior by a few years. But the reaction produced here was somewhat different. Medtner had consolidated his musical speech in the teeth of heavy obstacles. When he, a brilliant pupil of Safonoff and the holder of the Rubinstein prize for piano playing, suddenly informed his teacher that he would be a composer, Safonoff interposed his veto, the weight of which was well-known in Moscow. But with undaunted determination Medtner apprenticed himself to Taneieff, and slowly imbibed the musical wisdom of the ages. Armed with an immense technique, he proceeded to shape his own language. Scores of finished compositions, among them many in the bigger instrumental forms, were destroyed before Medtner's first opus made their appearance. It is thus that we have practically no immature works from this composer. His musical individuality had been dearly bought, and he was not prepared to give it up at the first behest. It is chiefly through him that Moscow repudiated

Western Impressionism and then, in turn, the strange chaos that the war had generated. Amidst the demented, panic-stricken efforts of music in the bleak years following the war, Medtner saw clearly his mission as a guardian of true and sacred art. He had always imposed on himself iron chains of discipline, so as not to be diverted from the path of a creator of music, pure and simple. He now redoubled the weight of these chains. All considerations of outward success were shut out: no stage-works, such as had become the supreme vogue thanks to the Diaghileff-Stravinsky combination, no brilliant orchestral sound-splashes in the manner of the French School. Nothing but Gothic temples in sounds, the fruits of ascetic thought, the refuge of the hermit who had to offer his prayers undisturbed by the shrill noises of an alien world. The latter was not slow to repudiate the solitary artist, who would not bow before its idols. Thus an utter estrangement ensued, and for years Medtner seemed as good as dead to the world. But his faith and strength surmounted even this temporary oblivion.

And gradually, out of the ruins of the post-war

conflagration, there arises an ineffable need for the pure art of the masters. Medtner goes back to Moscow, and the masses flock to his concerts. He goes to England and finds that a genuine love for his art has smouldered there for years. Even in far America scattered groups of friends are ready to welcome him. One day, when the evil spell of the impostors is finally lifted and people will once more settle to a quiet, loving contemplation and enjoyment of art, Medtner will come to occupy a place beside the most unswerving, the most furious creators.

What can be said of him, applies equally to all those chosen spirits whom the Creator made more nearly in his own image than the rest of men. Their type of art stands outside of time, or its epoch, or any particular nationality, and this in spite of the fact that the artist belongs to one nation or people, and has been fed at his roots by the best that this people were able to give. But the national element has been allowed to pass through the prism of the artist's own personality, which is all-human and knows no geographical boundaries. Hence all-human emotions are expressed—joy,

love, rapture, faith, grief, despair, ecstasy—but in the expression of them this art relies solely on the means inherent in it *qua* music, poetry, or sculpture. No borrowing from sister arts is to be found. Whenever we have a coöperation of two arts, as in songs or a music-drama, this coöperation must not jeopardise the independence, but rather enhance the appeal of each art through a simultaneous attack of the same problem. Take a song from Schubert's *Winterreise*. The poem expresses the emotion of despair. The music does not derive its strength from the poem, but proceeds to express the same emotion by purely musical means. The result is that the emotion becomes twice as poignant, and we can never again be quite satisfied with its separate expression. Neither the *Winterreise*, nor even Heine's *Dichterliebe*, will ever be the same to us before and after the experience of Schubert's and Schumann's music. The same may be said of the Goethe, Pushkin, and Tiutcheff songs of Medtner. For in them Medtner has combined his technical mastery with an unwonted depth and vitality of expression, and therewith attacked the emotions found in the above

poets, who belong to the greatest that their respective nations have produced. And very often the strength of the musical expression by far exceeds that of the poem. What are the moods that are most frequently expressed? The Hellenic calm of Goethe, which attracted Medtner in his earlier period (op. 15, 18), gave way before the more disturbed vision of Pushkin (op. 29, 32, 36), when the musician began to sense the coming of the cataclysm. But in view of our abysmal times even Pushkin proved too serene. Thus in his moments of despair Medtner resorted to Tiutcheff, this poet of night and dormant chaos (op. 37, 45). However, despair is never triumphant in Medtner, but rather held in check by the faith that is at the root of his whole being. He does not evade the issues that life has thrust at him: but is not carried away by tears and moaning. Rather than in gloomy melodies and colours, his appurtenance to our restless era is evident in his rhythms, an element of speech in which he has few rivals for concentrated strength, variety, and tension. Those who have heard him play will agree that he wields his most irresistible attack when striking up a cer-

tain vigorous rhythm and pursuing it to a crowning climax (*al rigore di tempo*). For a detailed analysis of Medtner's idiom we have to refer the reader elsewhere.* The object of this chapter is to call his attention to some great living creators. He may conceivably want to pick other names instead of, or besides, the ones contained in this chapter, but in doing so he will inevitably have to apply the same standard and considerations.

Having given an account of the mainstays of the Moscow School it behooves us to close our chapter with a composer, who, though a pupil of the St. Petersburg nationalists, has not followed in their trail: Myaskovsky. Influenced from the start by Tchaikovsky and Scriabin he has held his course ever since in the traditions of Moscow. A composer intent on large dimensions, he has written no less than nine symphonies, and four sonatas for piano (these, too, on a symphonic scale). His mastery, though fully in keeping with the aspirations of Moscow, is not as complete as that of Medtner or Rachmaninoff, and we are apt to meet at times

* See *Medtner and the Music of Our Time,* by Alfred J. Swan. *Music and Letters,* London, January, 1927.

with an emotional chaos. But before we judge him too harshly in this matter, we must remember that he has probably witnessed the worst: while both Medtner and Rachmaninoff left Russia at the time of the famine and terror, Myaskovsky has seen his country's fate through to the end, and his voice is the immediate reflection of the grim happenings of the last fifteen years. No wonder that the note of affirmation which penetrates through Medtner's darker moods is here entirely lacking. All is couched in the blackest shades. In vain do we search for yielding, all-forgiving episodes. Even periods of comparative calm are rare (witness the scarcity of major tonalities): a seething cauldron of acid tonal splashes, a perpetual alternation of dissonant harmonies—a compound of Tchaikovsky and Scriabin. Yet, withal, a deeply-moving, tragic grandeur. Like all art, begotten of suffering and given a too immediate outlet, it brings us often to the very brink of chaos. But we cannot help admiring the power of Myaskovsky's intellect, the logic with which the whole edifice of his music is held together, his command over his medium of expression. Myaskovsky's moods are common

among the younger generation now at work in Russia. But since the death of the poet Alexander Blok in 1921 there has been nothing to equal Myaskovsky's symphonies for their vital expression. What is going on in the heart of that big, suffering country? What are we to expect from the next generation? Are the traditions of Moscow likely to survive and yield other figures of the calibre of those discussed in this chapter?

All this the future will show. One thing, however, is certain: no greater discrepancy exists than between the respective psychologies of Russia and the West. All that self-confidence and love of advertisement, that callousness and cynicism—in short, all those qualities that blossomed out in Western Europe as a result of the war, or perhaps as a concomitant of it in art—are more or less unknown in Russia. There the profession of the artist is still looked upon with awe, and the fruits of his labour and inspiration taken seriously by an ever-increasing multitude. This the recent concerts of Medtner in Moscow and many other cities (1927) have shown conclusively. What can we hope for in the West? Paris is as hopeless as in bygone days,

when Rossini triumphed over Beethoven, and Meyerbeer over Wagner; in England the issue is as yet in doubt; America may become a new haven for art if it chooses to think for itself, and not (as Thoreau has expressed it somewhere) do as the monkeys in Paris. Here we must look to the young generation, to the schools and colleges, the raw material that can be moulded with equal ease towards good or bad. If it is given the best—the art that has withstood the ravages of time and kept clear of fashion—if it is preserved from contact with the shallow and the mediocre, it will possess a standard of discrimination that will guide it in times of trial and ensure the ultimate victory of all things fine and true.

THE END

INDEX

Albeniz, Isaac (1860 - 1909): 18
"L'après - Midi d'un Faune" (Debussy): 7, 9
Bach, Johann S. (1685 - 1750): 3, 14, 37, 40
Bach, Johann Christian (1735 - 82): 54
Balakireff, Mily A. (1836 - 1910): 47
Balmont, K. D., Russian poet: 31
Baltrushaitis, Russian poet: 23
Bartok, Bela, b. 1881: 42-43
Bax, Arnold, b. 1883: 60-62
Beecham, Sir Thomas, English conductor: 62
Beethoven, Ludwig van (1770 - 1827): 16, 30, 31, 39, 79
"Bells" (poem by E. A. Poe—music by Rachmaninoff): 69
Bennet, John (ca. 1614): 52
Bertrand, Aloysius, French poet: 12
Bizet, Georges (1837 - 75): 7, 18
Blok, Alexander, Russian poet: 78
Borodin, Alexander P. (1834 - 87): 43
Brahms, Johannes (1833 - 97): 31, 42

Browning, Robert, English poet: 55
Byrd, William (1543 - 1623): 51-52, 62
Casella, Alfredo, b. 1883: 41-42
Cézanne, French painter: 7
Chopin, Frédéric F. (1809 - 49): 22, 25, 29
"Chout" (Prokofieff): 45
Collingwood, Lawrence A., b. 1887: 63
Corelli, Arcangelo (1653 - 1713): 41
Couperin, François (1668 - 1733): 4
Debussy, Claude (1862 - 1819): 4, 7-11, 14, 15, 16, 18, 37, 41
Delius, Frederick, b. 1863: 63
Diaghileff, Serge, Russian impressario: 45, 72
"Dichterliebe" (Heine - Schumann): 74
Dowson, Ernest, English poet: 55
Dunstable, John, d. 1453: 51
"L'Enfant, Prodigue" (Prokofieff): 46
"Epithalame" (Roger - Ducasse): 14
Escobedo, Bartolomeo, d. 1563: 17
Falla, de, Manuel, b. 1875: 18
Farinelli, Carlo Broschi (1705 - 1782): 17
Farmer, John (1565 - 1605): 52
Fauré, Gabriel (1845 - 1924): 4, 7, 14
Fellowes, Edmund H., English scholar: 56
"Flammes Sombres" (Scriabin): 31
Gibbons, Orlando (1583 - 1625): 52
"Le Gibet" (Ravel): 12
Glazounoff, Alexander K., b. 1865: 64
Glinka, Michael I. (1804 - 1857): 59

Goethe, Johann W., German poet: 74, 75
Händel, George F. (1685 - 1759): 53-54
Haydn, Joseph (1732 - 1809): 27, 39, 45, 54
Heine, Heinrich, German poet: 74
HONEGGER, ARTHUR, b. 1892: 47-48
"Hugh the Drover" (Vaughan Williams): 59-60
Hugo, Victor, French poet: 5
"Iberia" (Albeniz): 18
"Iberia" (Debussy): 10
"Images" (Debussy): 10
"Initial Act" (Scriabin): 24, 25
"Island of the Dead" (Rachmaninoff): 69
L'Isle-Adam, Villiers de, French writer: 19
Ivanov, Vyacheslaff, Russian poet: 23
"King David" (Honegger): 47
Kodaly, Zoltan, b. 1882: 43
KOECHLIN, CHARLES, b. 1867: 13, 15-17
Lalo, Edouard (1823 - 1892): 7, 14
Lamartine, French poet: 5
LeJeune, Claude (1528 - 1602): 5
Liszt, Franz (1811 - 86): 25, 42
"Liturgy" (Rachmaninoff): 70
"London Symphony" (Vaughan Williams): 60
"Love of Three Oranges" (Prokofieff): 45
Lully, Jean-Baptiste (1633 - 87): 5
"Macbeth" (Collingwood): 63
Maeterlinck, Maurice, Belgian poet: 6, 10
Mallarmé, Stephan, French poet: 7
"Ma meré l'Oye" (Ravel): 11

Marinetti, Italian publicist: 34
Masefield, John, English poet: 55
MEDTNER, NICOLAI, b. 1879: 66, 67, 71-76, 77, 78
"Meistersinger" (Wagner): 39
Mendelssohn, Felix (1809 - 47): 54
"La Mer" (Debussy): 10
Monet, Claude, French painter: 6, 9, 16
Morales, Cristobal (1512 - 53): 17
Morley, John (1558 - 1603): 52
Moussorgsky, Modeste (1839 - 81): 3, 8
Mozart, W. A. (1756 - 91): 27, 39
Musset, Alfred de, French poet: 5
MYASKOVSKY, NICOLAI, b. 1881: 76-78
"Mystery" (Scriabin): 22-25
Nerval, Gérard de, French writer: 19
"L'Oiseau de Feu" (Stravinsky): 35
"Oudine" (Ravel): 12
"On Wenlock Edge" (Vaughan Williams): 60
"Orphée" (Roger - Ducasse): 14
"Pacific 231" (Honegger): 47
"Pagine di Guerra" (Casella): 41
Palestrina, G. P. (1526 - 94): 70
Parry, Hubert (1848 - 1918): 55
"Le Pas d'Acier" (Prokofieff): 46
"Pelléas et Melisande" (Debussy): 8-10
Pergolesi, Giovanni Battista (1710 - 36): 37
"Petrushka" (Stravinsky): 35
Picasso, Pablo, French painter: 34
Pilkington, Francis (1562 - 1638): 52

Pissaro, French painter: 6, 9
Poe, Edgar Allan, American poet: 12
"Le Poème de l'Extase" (Scriabin): 25, 31
"Le Poème Divin" (Scriabin): 20
PROKOFIEFF, SERGEI, b. 1891: 44-46
"Prometheus" (Scriabin): 23, 28, 31
Purcell, Henry (1658 - 95): 52, 56
Pushkin, Alexander S., Russian poet: 74, 75
RACHMANINOFF, SERGEI, b. 1873: 66, 67-71, 76, 77
RAVEL, MAURICE, b. 1875: 11-13, 15, 18, 59
Rimsky-Korsakoff, Nicolai (1844 - 1908): 35, 64
ROGER - DUCASSE, b. 1875: 13-14, 15
Rolland, Romain, French writer: 34
Rossini, Gioachino (1792 - 1868): 79
Rousseau, Jean-Jacques, French philosopher: 38
"Sacre du Printemps" (Stravinsky): 34, 35, 36, 41, 44, 47
Safonoff, Vassili, Russian conductor and pianist: 71
"Scarbo" (Ravel): 12
Scarlatti, Domenico (1685 - 1754) VI: 17, 41
Schoenberg, Arnold, b. 1874: 41, 42, 43, 48
Schubert, Franz (1797 - 1828): 74
Schumann, Robert (1810 - 56): 19, 74
SCRIABIN, ALEXANDER N. (1871 - 1915): 19-32, 44, 66, 67, 68, 76, 77
"Scythian Suite" (Prokofieff): 45
Sharp, Cecil, English scholar: 56
"Schéhérazade" (Ravel): 11
"Sir John in Love" (Vaughan Williams): 60

Sisley, Alfred, French painter: 6, 9
STRAVINSKY, IGOR, b. 1882: 13, 15, 34-41, 42, 43, 44, 45, 46, 48, 65, 66, 72
Swinburne, Charles A., English poet: 55
"Tales of the Old Grandmother" (Prokofieff): 45
Taneieff, Sergei I. (1858 - 1915): 64, 65, 66, 67, 71
Tchaikovsky, Peter I. (1840 - 93): 37, 40, 64, 65, 67, 68, 76, 77
Thoreau, Henry D., American philosopher: 79
"Tombeau de Couperin" (Ravel): 13
Tiutcheff, Feodor, Russian poet: 74, 75
"Ugly Duckling" (Prokofieff): 45
"La Valse" (Ravel): 13
"Valses nobles et sentimentales" (Ravel): 13
"Vers la Flamme" (Scriabin): 31
Victoria, Tomas Luis da (1540 - 1613): 17, 70
"Village Romeo and Juliet" (Delius): 63
Wagner, Richard (1813 - 83): 20, 22, 25, 30, 39, 54, 79
Ward, John (ca. 1613): 52
Weber, Carl Maria von (1786 - 1826): 54
Weelkes, Thomas (1575 - 1623): 52
Wilbye, John (1574 - 1638): 52
WILLIAMS, R. VAUGHAN, b. 1872: 58-60, 61, 62
"Winterreise" (Schubert): 74